



## EVERY WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY

The Bulletin wants good home letters; good business letters; good helpful letters of any kind the mind may suggest. They should be in hand by Wednesday of each week. Write on but one side of the paper.

Address, SOCIAL CORNER EDITOR, Bulletin Office, Norwich, Conn.

THREE PRIZES MONTHLY: \$2.50 to first; \$1.50 to second; \$1.00 to third. Award made the last Saturday in each month.

## SING AND PRAY BUT DO NOT WHIMPER

## SOCIAL CORNER POETRY.

## A Whistling Song.

When times are bad and folks are sad  
An' gloomy 'n' dreary,  
Jest try your best at looking glad,  
An' whistle 'em away!

Don't mind how troubles bristle;  
Jest take a rose or thistle.  
Hold your own, an' change your tone,  
An' whistle! whistle!

A song is worth a world o' sighs;  
When red the lightning's plights,  
Look for the rainbow in the skies,  
An' whistle 'em away!

Don't mind how troubles bristle;  
Hold your own, an' change your tone,  
An' whistle! whistle!  
Atlanta Constitution.  
Sent in by Crimmon Rambler.

## INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

MOUNTAIN LAUREL—Cards received and mailed to writers named.

AIRY—Card received and forwarded to Ready.

Paula—Cards received and mailed to the writers indicated.

## AN INQUIRY.

Dear Editor and Sisters: Have you room for one more in The Corner? If you have I will try and not take much space.

I want to ask the Sisters if any of them give their children sulphur and molasses in the Spring and if so, what amount to mix and how to give it? Have wondered if mothers give it to children now.

Best wishes to all.  
BARBARA LEE.

## THE DEAR OLD GRANDMAS.

Editor of the Social Corner: A western diploma-ed physician writes a letter to the public saying: "We need more militant grandmas and less audacious neotomans."

Hear! Hear! He says: "Grandma's good old fashioned meal poultice beats any mud ever invented! Haven't scientific investigation shown that one of grandma's flaxseed meal poultices retains the heat longer, gives greater relief, and is a whole lot closer than the modern medicated clay imitations? Grandma's old-time cough 'scurp,' honset, catnip, chamomile and other 'yark' teas are the only kind of home remedies we want to take when we are sick."

"Now, a mustard paste properly made, and watched to see that it doesn't raise a blister—one part of mustard flour to four parts of wheat flour, cold water and just a wee bit of white of egg (our own grandmama insists on this, to prevent blistering, she says), the paste to be removed as soon as the skin redens up—there isn't a better pain-killer or a more effective local antidote for internal inflammation in the whole materia medica."

"If you housekeepers and merchants and workers would listen to grandmas, and not run off to the drugstore for some nicely wrapped up medicine, you have anything wrong, we doctors wouldn't have so much practice to swell our heads."

Whatiment this is to the dear old grandmas and what a knock at the fear and freshness of later generations.

## THE CRANK.

## SUPERSTITION.

Dear Social Corner: I believe little is a thinker and desires to make other people think, but she cannot call out many expressions of opinion upon the debatable question she raised.

One Sister has taken notice of her question: "Are we superstitious?" And Sarah Ann Titch certainly thinks all people are, and I am inclined to think she is right.

Cleora said: "Superstition is a senseless fear of no more help believing in a traditional superstition than a horse can help trembling when he sees a cannon."

Some people who believe in the power of Gabriel's trumpet poke fun of the deacon who rages when someone pulls down the horseshoe nailed over his barn door for good luck.

Is the boy who is taught "to watch out for the goblins 'll catch you," to blame for thinking when he is a man that a horse-chestnut carried in his pocket will cure the rheumatism?

Geothie declared that "superstition is the poetry of life," and I do not feel inclined to dispute him. What is this that Hope gathers to establish faith in the mind and cheer in the heart?

What is there about the beautiful sunsets which strengthens our faith in the sunset land and the new Jerusalem?

Man is deeply impressed by all the phenomena of the heavens and the earth which he does not understand. They prompt his hopes and fears—they inspire him to song and prophecy.

Superstition is a great subject, and is worthy of the closest study. It may prove to be a blessing or a curse.

Don't you think Tyron Edwards was right when he said: "Superstitions are for the most part, but shadows of great truths."

## HOUSEHOLD HELPS.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: I am sending in a few domestic suggestions.

Melted alum will mend broken glassware so the crack will not show. Clothes sprinkled with hot water can be ironed in ten minutes.

Pour a little turpentine into the chest when storing away winter clothes. This will keep moths away. If new lamp chimneys are placed in

farms a thick syrup. Pour it into the chimney and let it stand for a few days. The mixture has thickened and is cool it is ready for the cake.

**Caramel Filling**—Boil one pound of brown sugar, one-half cup milk and one-half cup water until it will harden when dropped in cold water. Beat yolks of two eggs and whites separately and then combine them. Gradually pour the hot syrup, beating all the time. Add one teaspoon vanilla. Beat until cool and quite thick.

**Chocolate Filling**—Heat two cups of milk in double boiler. Mix together one tablespoon flour, one cup sugar, two eggs; cook 15 minutes. Then add two ounces of chocolate, one teaspoon vanilla.

**Orange Filling**—Grate the yellow rind from two oranges. Put one-half cup water in saucepan and add the orange peel. Boil five minutes and strain; add enough hot water to make one-half cup; add two cups sugar and boil until it spins a thread. Pour it over the well beaten eggs, stir them and beat until cool; add the juice of one orange and juice of one-half a lemon.

I suppose the Sisters will begin housecleaning when the ground gets dry.

LORETTA.

## WHAT RILED JOSIAH.

Dear Social Corner Sisters:—Last week when Josiah went to the post office he got a card saying: "We have wuz a package in the Hartford post office with six cents due on it. Well, Josiah just went over there and got an envelope and started it back for H. Lively."

And when he got him he wuz doin' so much work he had to be in bed by one o'clock. He didn't have an appetite for supper. See the Samantha, I'll bet a cooky that my nephew was a slave and carried that something else stylish to wear when these pesky snow banks get over the way so I can get that Automobile out once more.

"You'd look pretty with a plaid cap at your age," sez I. But my remark didn't hurt his feelings any, 'his mind wuz so busy tryin' to figure out what the present he wuz givin' to me might be, that he wasn't listenin' to me.

Josiah acted uneasy until the day come to go to the post office and he got me worked up until I wuz most as curious as he wuz. But when the package finally arrived Josiah 'es' cum in and slumped down on the sofa, rumble sayin' something about 'gettin' even.' And when I undid that package to find it to be a report of the 'Towers and Towers' Westerns. As for I didn't blame Josiah a bit for bein' riled.

Just think, Samantha," sez he, "they took six good cents away from me. Why with them six cents I could have bought most a quart of molasses and a pound of butter. I'd have been most down to Hildy's. I always kinder despised liquor dealers anyhow, but from now on my slogan is 'Wait for election.' I'll Anti-Prohibition until the moon I know to vote again, unless it's Wee Wee, he's gettin' so old and sot in his ways that I don't s'pose I can get him to change his mind."

I can usually find an amusin' side to things, and so when Josiah had gone to the barn I set down to look at that card. And I found it was a rumble sayin' that cum with it. One of the arguments I red wuz that why dry Kansans showed up so many less paupers and insane than the wet States. I thought, 'Well, I'd like to see that census man didn't find them to count. Well, I'd like to see that census man could count the paupers bandy. It made me laugh until I almost forgot to be so for Josiah on account of his six cents.

But if I forget, I shall see to it that Josiah don't until after the afore said election. I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there."

Sincerely,  
SAMANTHA.

## SOFT MOLASSES JUMBLES.

Dear Social Corner Sisters:—Didn't we have a lovely time on our 6th anniversary? I hope every member could have been there.

Lonesome Pine: I am glad that after helping award prizes to others, you have been able to get a substantial one. Congratulations.

Deborah: Welcome to the clan. Your pen-name sounds familiar. Hope to hear from you again and see you at some of the gatherings.

Johan: Did you make a mistake asking Keziah Doolittle to have orange 'scurp' on the table? I hope she accepts your invitation. May I come too?

Keziah Doolittle: If Johan says "yes" we will be glad to have you under the shade of the old apple-tree and find out "Who is Who?"

I will close with a recipe which I think will suit all.

**Old Fashioned Molasses Jumbles:**—To a cup of melted butter add a cup of brown sugar, a teaspoon each of ginger, nutmeg and cinnamon, and a cup of dark molasses and a cup of sour milk in each of which a teaspoon of soda has been dissolved. When the two mixtures have been combined, add two teaspoons of vinegar and sufficient sifted flour to make a stiff dough. Drop by spoonfuls on a greased tin. Bake in a moderate oven.

PRIMOSE.

## HOW TO MAKE MARBLE CAKE.

Dear Social Corner Editor and Sisters: I have been an interested reader of The Corner for some time and seeing how happy you have been, I thought I would send you my recipe, which I think is very fine:

**Marble Cake—White Part:** One-quarter cup butter, one cup sugar, one-half cup milk, one-half cup flour, one-quarter teaspoon baking powder, one-quarter teaspoon vanilla. Beat well together, then add the whites of four eggs beaten stiff.

**Yellow Part:** One tablespoon butter, three-quarters cup sugar, yolks of four eggs, one-quarter cup milk, one-quarter teaspoon baking powder, one-quarter cup flour, one teaspoon baking powder.

**Dark Part:** Dissolve one-quarter cake sweet chocolate in a little hot milk, add one tablespoon sugar, one teaspoon vanilla, add to the white batter, taking part light and part yellow. I generally use one heaping tablespoon cocoa in place of the sweet chocolate. Drop by spoonfuls on a greased tin, bake in a moderate oven. This will make two loaves baked in common bread pans.

SQUIRE PHIN.

## NICE PIE RECIPES.

Dear Sisters and Sisters of Social Corner: What a long stormy winter we have had. It will seem good to have some warmer weather.

Send a few pie recipes that are very nice:

**Mock Mince Pie:** One egg, three or four large slices cold ham, one-half small onion, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup sugar, one-half cup vinegar, one cup chopped raisins, a small piece of butter, spice and salt.

**Raisin Pie:** Take one pound of raisins, turn over them one quart of boiling water and boil one hour. Keep adding water, so there will be a quart when done. Grate the rind of one lemon into one cup of sugar, three spoonfuls of flour and one egg. Mix well together. Turn the raisins over the mixture, stirring the while. This makes three pies.

I remain as ever  
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## AN OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER

By Etta Barber.

In New England in the 40's when sawmills were the exception instead of the rule, the man who was an expert with the axe, especially if he could hew ties and get out ship-timber, was sure of work at good wages. Big Ed Jackson, was one of the best.

He was a handsome, red-headed, generous fellow and very proud of his prowess with the axe. When he was under the influence of liquor he was a perfect brute in his home and ready to fight anything that stood in his way. At the tavern he was a "good fellow," who treated the crowd and seldom left the card table until his money was gone, so it was often hard times in the little cottage.

Jones' tavern was in the center of the village, and Bill Jones was careful to make it unusually attractive when Big Ed was expected home from a long job. Sometimes Mattie would go to the tavern and try to get him to go home, or give her some money, but if he had had several drinks she was seldom successful and often suffered from his abuse, made worse by the taunts and jeers of Jones and his cronies.

There was one, however, who never went in vain, and that was his widow, a large, determined woman of about thirty years. When Big Ed Jackson opened the bar room door and said quietly:

"Edward, I want you," he always went.

Finally Bill Jones declared that he should put her out the next time she came around his place.

One day when Mattie Jackson was looking anxiously for Ed's return with the pay for several weeks' work. She disliked to ask credit, knowing his father, and the old man the little cottage was almost gone.

Late in the afternoon a neighbor told her that Ed had arrived at the tavern with a load of beer.

At dark she went to try to get some money to buy food, for the children's supper, but he had been drinking heavily and was half drunk and not a request was met with curses and a blow, and she staggered out followed by the laughter of Jones and his friends.

The men did not dare anger Big Ed when he was in an ugly temper. About 8 o'clock Mattie sat crying and trying to reach the little one for get their hunger in sleep when Mother Jackson came briskly in.

"What is the matter, Mattie, and why do I hear you crying?" said Ed, "I heard he had come."

Ed looked undecided and Bill Jones came from behind the bar, saying: "Lainly broke records, being a customer from start to finish."

Old Glory with the Social Corner attached could be seen afar off, and upon arrival all were cordially greeted by Aunt Abby in her usual pleasing manner.

Pleasant greetings were exchanged among the sisters, those attending coming from Iroquois, Lebanon, Yantic, Taftville and Norwich, filling the house to its utmost capacity.

The house was prettily decorated inside and out, with the Social Corner gold color.

The dining room was one of the most attractive spots, especially at noon when all were given plates and Social Corner napkins and formed a line to the dining room where each helped themselves from the bountiful spread table of delicious eatables which included cold meats, salads, soups, fruit, all kinds of cakes, and Aunt Abby's famous baked beans and delicious squash pies. Last but not least, a delicious cream punch, enjoyed by the courtesy of The Bulletin.

Toasts and recitations by J. E. T. were received with loud applause as given in her bright and original manner.

The recitation by the Little Mascot was one of the features of the day. Animated with song and stories of the past and present made the afternoon pass all too quickly.

The favors were quite timely holders made by Crimmon Rambler, and were received with delight by all.

The gold grab-bag proved a source of pleasant surprise to each one present, and many a laugh was caused by Aunt Abby's famous baked beans and delicious squash pies. Last but not least, a delicious cream punch, enjoyed by the courtesy of The Bulletin.

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Mattie sobbed out her story adding as the old lady retted her bonnet strings:

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hope we shall have pleasant weather for our next social. But never mind, we have plenty of sunshine in The Corner. Our color suggests sunshine, and it is reflected in the faces of the Sisters.

I will send in a few good home helps.

For tender feet rub with sweet oil. For cold feet rub with sweet oil. For cold feet rub with sweet oil.

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